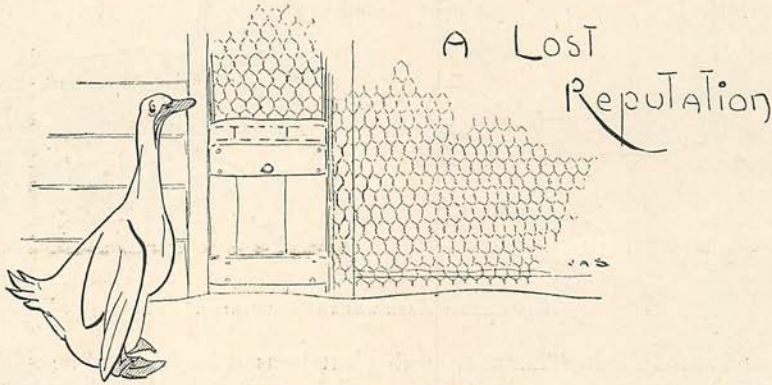


Animal Actualities.

NOTE.—Under this title we intend printing a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. We shall be glad to receive similar anecdotes, fully authenticated by names of witnesses, for use in future numbers. While the stories themselves will be matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist will treat the subjects with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrences.

I.

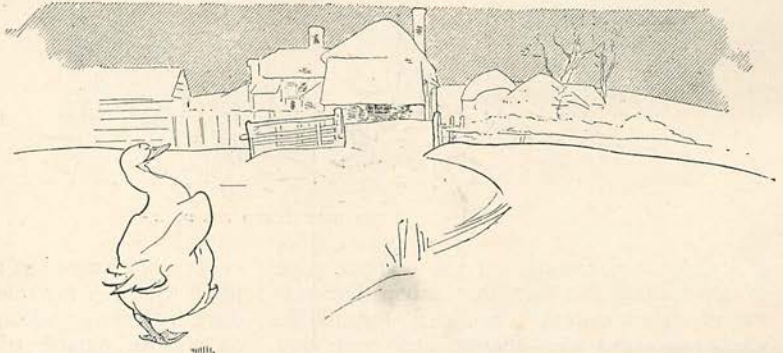


“SHE FOUND HERSELF SHUT OUT—

IT is altogether old-fashioned and out-of-date to talk nowadays of animals a little below us in the zoological scale as being actuated solely by “instinct.” This sort of thing is become mere ignorant prejudice. Let anybody fair-mindedly watch the proceedings of a moderately clever dog for one day, and then deny that dog intelligence if he can. Put the dog face to face with some circumstance, or some combination of circumstances, such as neither he nor any of his progenitors could possibly have encountered. He may not do the wisest thing on the whole, but, then, would an average human being do the wisest thing in a like case? Of course not. But whatever the dog does will be suggested by a natural train of thought, and often by a train of thought of amazing

acuteness. Here is no opportunity for the operation of inherited experience, no chance for the work of mere blind “instinct.” Anybody, by the exercise of a moment’s thought, can recall a dozen such cases to his own memory, and probably not cases occurring to dogs only, but to other animals of all degrees. We expect to present our readers with many instances of the sort.

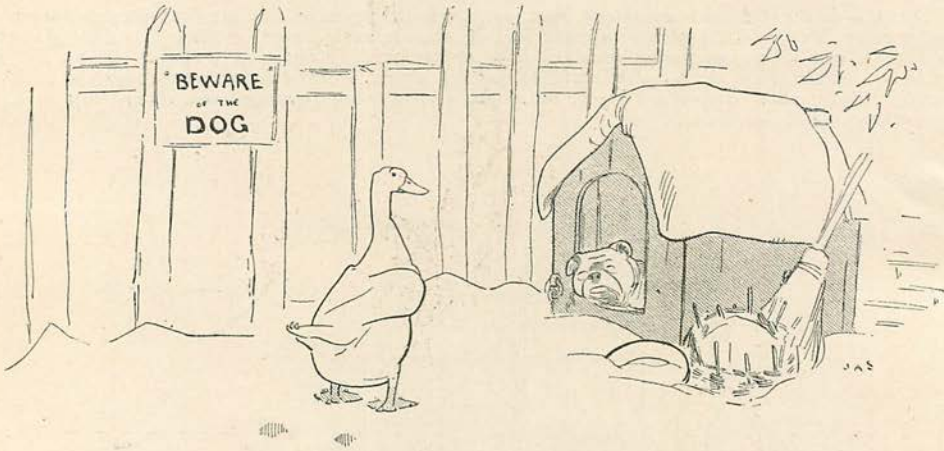
First we offer a case rather of audacity than of intelligence, but of a very odd audacity. It occurred in the winter of the year 1894, in



—IN A COLD AND SNOWY WORLD.”

Shire Hall Lane, Hendon, on the premises of Mrs. Rowcliffe. Now, in Mrs. Rowcliffe's farmyard abode a dog of terrible reputation. His savage and formidable character was famous, not only in the farm, but in the

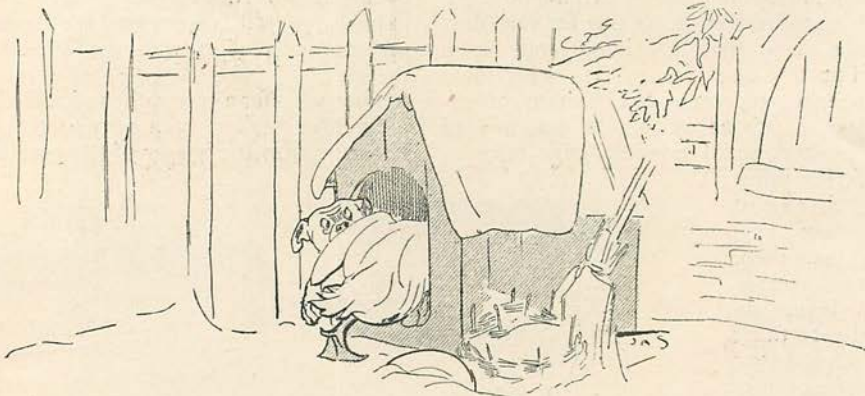
thereabout as to the exact number of little boys and girls per week devoured by way of diversifying his diet. The dog himself understood the state of affairs, and abated no whit of his arrogance. Plainly, the world (of these



"THE SNUGGEST PLACE WAS THE DOG-KENNEL."

neighbourhood round about. Tramps avoided Mrs. Rowcliffe's dog, and left chalk hieroglyphics on posts, warning tramps who might come after to avoid the jaws of this terrible quadruped, and to keep outside the radius of the chain that confined him. "Peware of the dog!" stared in large letters from a board hard by the kennel, and visitors to the farmyard sidled by with a laborious air

(parts) was at his feet, and he was monarch of all he surveyed. But there was a duck in that farmyard wholly indifferent to the general terror—she never thought about it, in fact. She was an adventurous and happy-go-lucky sort of duck, always ready to make the best of what luck came along, and never backward to seize her share of the good things—and a little extra on occasion.



"IN FLOUNDERED THE DUCK—"

of indifference, though on the extreme edge of the path, and *not* that edge that was nearest the kennel. So this formidable Cerberus ruled the district, and horrifying legends went among the extreme youth

Now, it chanced at the close of a cold day, when the snow lay thick everywhere, that this duck lagged away from the returning flock, perhaps in pursuit of some pleasant snack that it would have been foolish for a duck of

business instincts to make too widely known. Anyhow, the other ducks got safely home, the pen was shut, and this particular duck, our heroine, straggling in alone after closing hours, found herself shut out in a cold and

was so altogether beyond his experience as to dissipate his strategy, or whether the sheer audacity of the thing induced temporary paralysis is not determined; but certain it is that the farm-hands entering in the



—AND OUT FLOUNDERED THE TERROR.”

snowy world. Never mind—she made no fuss, but waddled calmly off round the farmyard to find the best shelter she could. Plainly the snuggest place was the dog-kennel. Certainly the dog was in it, and snoring, but that didn't matter—he'd have to find a place somewhere else. So in floundered the

morning found the dog shivering and crouching outside his kennel, and the duck squatting comfortably within—within the kennel, that is to say, and not within the digestive apparatus of the Terror, as everybody would have expected.

That dog's reputation was ruined. Small



“THE FARM-HANDS FOUND HIM SHIVERING OUTSIDE.”

duck, and out floundered the Terror of Shire Hall Lane, with his tail between his legs.

Whether the cold had affected the Terror's nerves, whether the attack of a quacking biped

boys openly flouted him, and tramps chalked a different figure on gate-posts, meaning that any tramp in want of a useless, harmless dog might steal one at the place indicated. The duck left the kennel when she thought it time



"A RUINED REPUTATION."

to go and see what was for breakfast, and thereafter used the pen with the others. But though the dog got his quarters again, he never recovered his reputation. He is a ruined, bankrupt Terror.

Of the ultimate fate of the duck there is

no record. Probably it was the ultimate fate of most ducks—a twisted neck, and the rest all gravy and green peas. Though, indeed, one would almost expect this indomitable bird to arise and kick the green peas off the plate.



II.

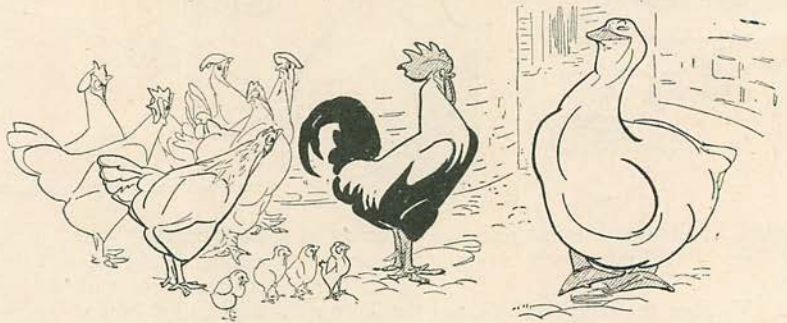
An Undesirable Attachment.



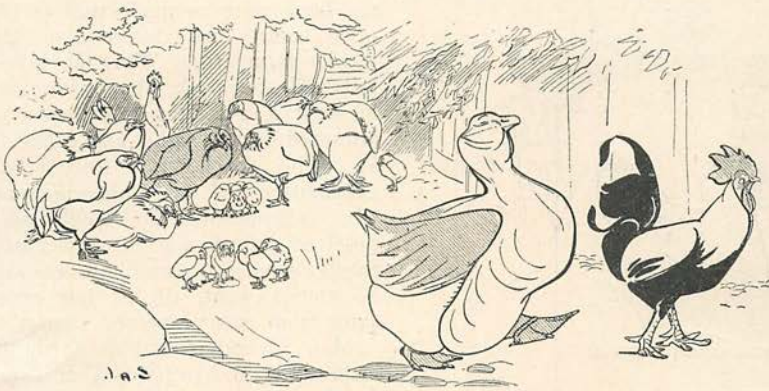
THREE years ago "The Cricketers" at Addington, in Surrey, was the scene of a sad tragedy of love at first sight, unrequited and, indeed, jeered at. Mrs. Ovenden was the

landlady of "The Cricketers" at that time—a charming old lady, who died, alas! early in the present year—and "The Cricketers" faced Addington Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury's residence.

A small farmyard was attached to the inn, well populated with the usual sorts of birds. Mrs. Ovenden made an addition to these by the purchase of a few geese—one a particularly fat one. Now, all was happy in that



"SHE CONCEIVED A VIOLENT ATTACHMENT FOR THE COCK."



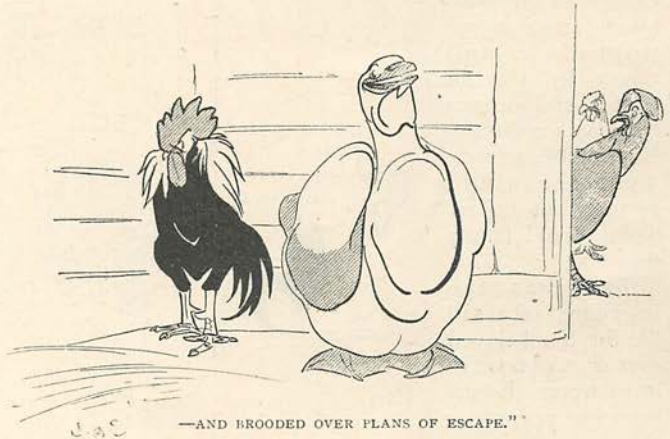
"THE COCK WAS SCANDALIZED—

defend her acquisition, while the unfortunate cock humped himself forlornly and brooded over plans of escape, and the indignant hens stared and gasped at an outrage so entirely foreign to all their experience of the world of farmyards.

After a while the cock resolved

farmyard before the arrival of those geese. The hens agreed as well together as hens usually do, the chicks found plenty of amusement and few disappointments, and the cock lorded it over all, loved and respected by his subjects, and an ornament and a credit to the yard. But the fat goose brought strife, discord, and jealousy. The moment her eye fell on the cock she conceived a violent attachment for him. The cock, a very respectable bird, was naturally scandalized, and did his best to avoid the fat goose. But in vain; for the fat goose cut him off from his family and headed him away. She urged him before her, and finally shut him safely in a corner, standing before him to

that, at least, he would *not* be starved, and made a motion to go and pick up some-



—AND BROODED OVER PLANS OF ESCAPE."

thing to eat. The fat goose reflected that this desire for food was only reasonable, and allowed her pet to emerge from the corner for the purpose, but of course under her strict surveillance. The cock, cheered a little by the concession, proceeded to peck about in his accustomed manner, and made a very fair meal, considering the circumstances. Becoming fairly satisfied himself, and still perceiving



"THE HENS WERE STOPPED BY THE FAT GOOSE."



"AN INDIGNATION MEETING."

a few grains scattered near, he raised his voice, according to habit, with a cluck and a gobble, to call his faithful hens and chicks to the remnants of the feast. They came with the usual rush, but were stopped in full career by the fat goose, and driven back in confusion. Reasonable refreshment she would permit, but no renewal of old family ties.

This was the beginning of a sad life for the beloved rooster. A goose in love never listens to either reason or ridicule, and indignation meetings of

the hens were as ineffectual as the open scorn and derision of the whole farmyard. The fat goose followed the cock about wherever he went, and passing travellers were attracted by the sight, and called in at "The Cricketers" to ask an explanation of the phenomenon. The unhappy hens and chicks were deserted entirely, and the persecuted rooster seemed to meditate suicide. So things went, till at last relief came from an unexpected quarter.

Mrs. Ovenden had a favourite little niece, and, after this unhappy state of family affairs in the farmyard had lasted some time, the little niece had a birthday. Mrs. Ovenden resolved to celebrate



"THE DERISION OF THE WHOLE FARMYARD."



"GREAT REJOICINGS."

this birthday by a dinner, to grace which the best available goose should come to the roasting-jack. The love-lorn goose had lost no flesh in consequence of its unrequited affection—was fatter than ever, in fact. So Mrs. Ovenden's choice fell on this goose, and this goose fell into a glorious state of gravy and stuffing, to the great honour of the little niece's birthday. The incubus was removed from the farmyard, the rooster returned to the bosom of his family, and was received with great rejoicings.

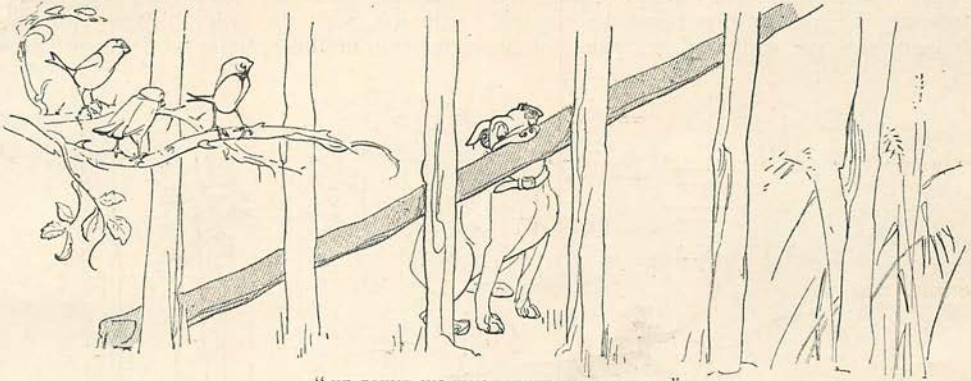
III.

A Dog Story



THE hero of this little tale was an ordinary dog enough to look at—a common fox-terrier, and not particularly well bred—by name, Zig. But his character was extraordinary, indeed. He had a most

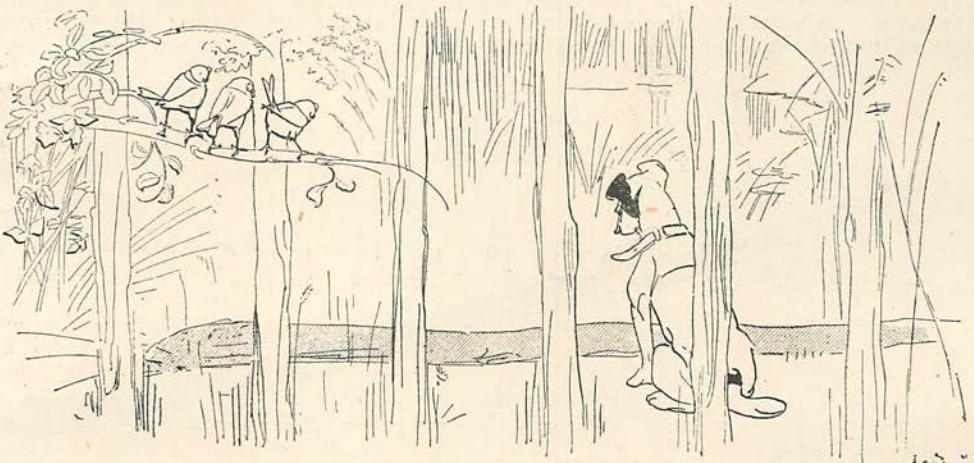
He would dive to the bottom of any pond, however deep, and bring up anything he might find. Great crowds would collect to watch his extraordinary feats, and his owner, Mr. G. C. Green, now of Buluwayo (then living in Bromley, Kent), was extremely proud of



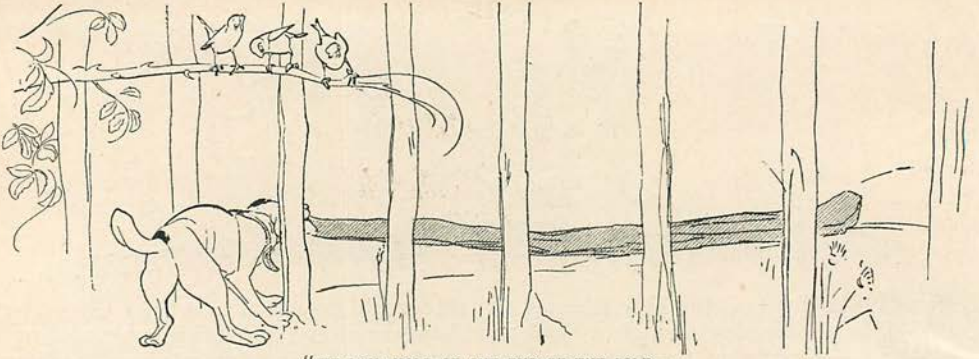
“HE FOUND HIS WAY BARRED BY A PALING.”

violent temper, and a most wonderful individuality and independence of everybody and everything; and his pluck was almost incredible—fear of any sort or kind he knew not the meaning of. His great accomplishment was diving—an accomplishment entirely self-taught, and one he delighted in.

him. Zig would deliberately walk into a pond from the edge, along the bottom, and then swim to the surface with any treasure that he may have found. On one occasion he dived into one of the Keston ponds and brought up from the bottom an old, water-logged hop-pole. The thing was big and heavy enough, but



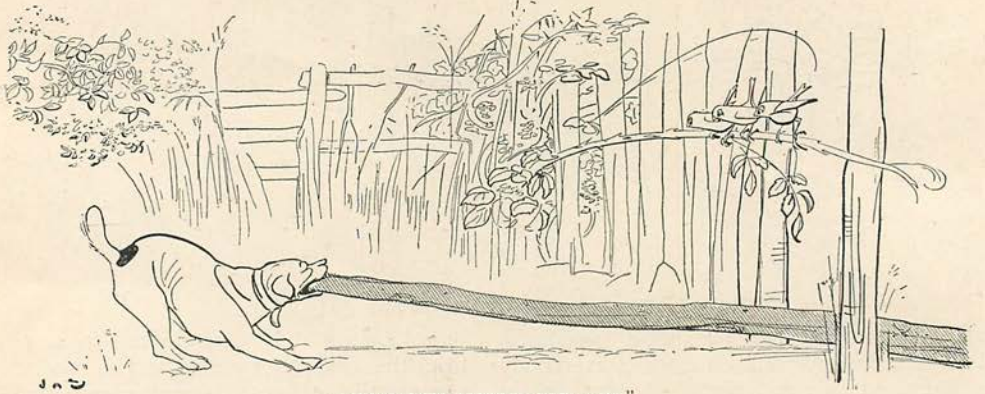
“HE SAT DOWN AND THOUGHT THE DIFFICULTY OVER.”



“ HE LAID HOLD OF ONE END OF THE POLE—

Zig was nowise daunted, and struggled ashore with it, almost dead with exhaustion. Nothing would make him give up his prize, and presently he set off for home by himself, dragging the pole with him, regardless of his

of *one end* of the pole, and backed between the posts of the fence, dragging his property through endwise, finally arriving home in triumph with the pole. There can be no question of the exercise of deliberate reason

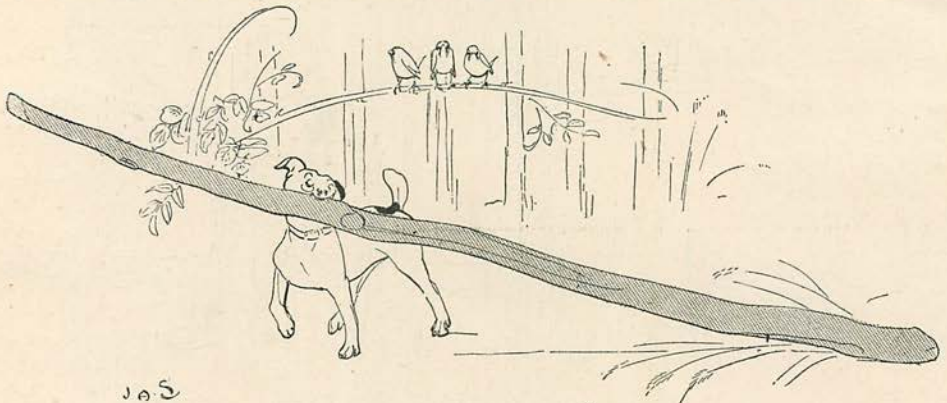


—AND BACKED BETWEEN THE POSTS.”

master. He took a short cut (that was his independent way), and presently found his way barred by a paling. The pole wouldn't go through as he was carrying it, so Zig, who was being closely watched, just sat down and thought the difficulty over. Then he laid hold

in a case like this. In addition to Mr. Green himself, the feat was witnessed by Mr. W. H. Hawkins and Mr. J. A. Shepherd.

Poor Zig was drowned at last, in course of a stroll along a pond-bottom. He never rose to the surface, and doubtless was caught by weeds.



“ ARRIVING HOME IN TRIUMPH.”

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IV.

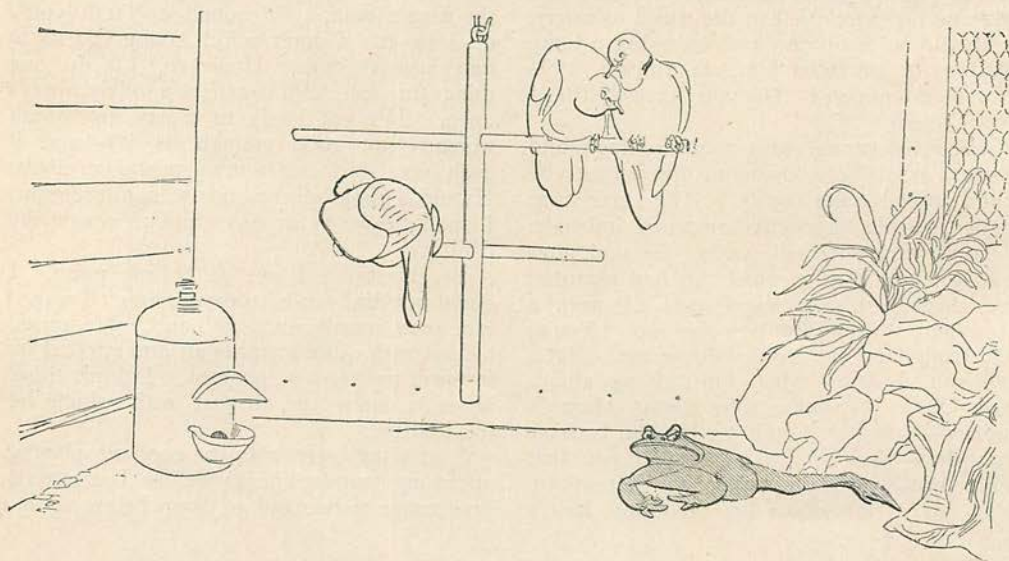


A Dove
and a TOAD.



DISPLACED attachments among animals would seem to be somewhat less rare than one might expect. Last month we had an odd case of love at first sight, on the part of a very fat and motherly old

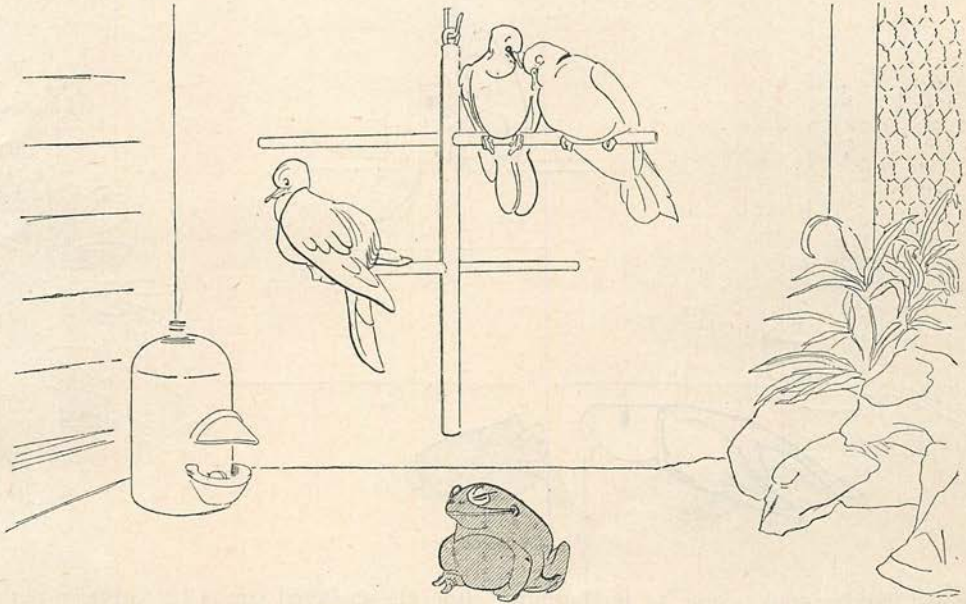
being a toad. A goose and a barn-door fowl are at least both birds, while the toad and the turtle-dove are of different classes in the animal kingdom. More, it was the turtle-dove who was enamoured—the beautiful turtle-dove, type of felicity



"ENTER THE BIG TOAD."

goose, for a barn-door cock. Now we have a quainter thing still—the love-making of a turtle-dove, the object of its affections

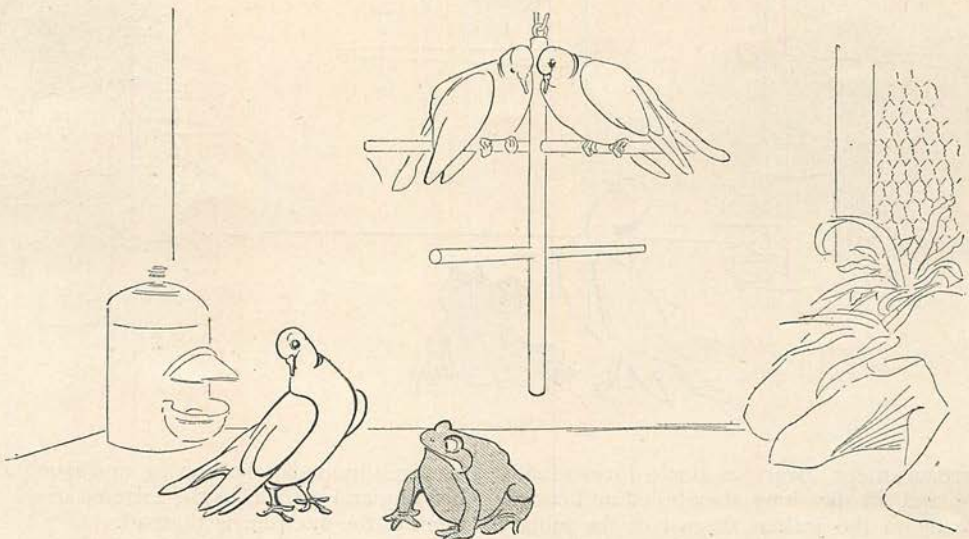
in affection; and it was the toad—the dank, ugly, despised toad—who rejected its proffered love.



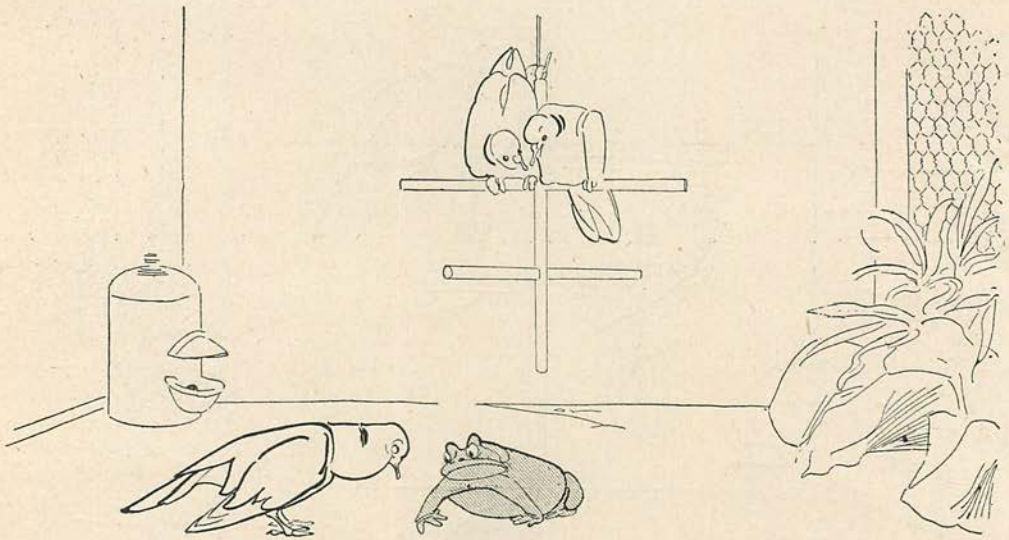
"SEEMS SATISFACTORY, ON THE WHOLE."

The creatures belonged to the private collection—some might call it a menagerie—kept by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, the artist. It is a collection continually changing its *personnel*, there are frequent additions of all sorts, and occasional subtractions because of death or escape. And as these fluctuations occur with little or no notice, questions of accommodation are apt to arise, sometimes resulting in the

"chumming-in" of strange companions, the governing consideration being that of who is likely to eat what. On one of these occasions a number of lizards arrived at the menagerie—so many, that they filled the only reptile case then available, and crowded out an immense Italian toad. The problem of what to do with the homeless toad was considered at length, and in the end it was



"WHAT?"

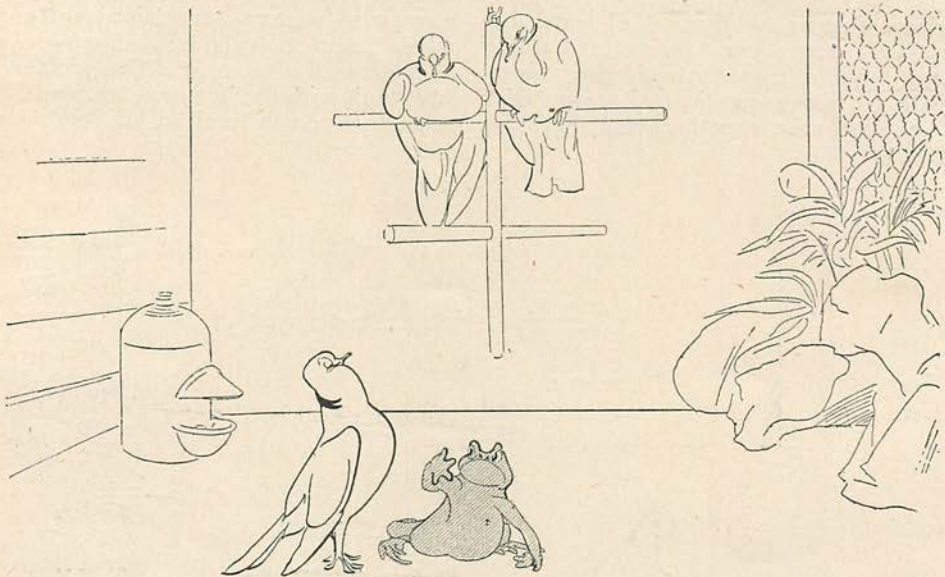


"coo-oo!"

decided that he could come to no harm in that part of the aviary reserved for the turtle-doves—at any rate, for a little while.

Now, the collection happened just then to be rather short of turtle-doves. There were only three—a pair and a spinster. The pair

from the sheltered corner he had been put in at. He crawled cautiously toward the centre of the aviary, and looked about him. The pair of doves took no notice, but the spinster was instantly alert. Here was the longed-for true love at last. The dove was down from

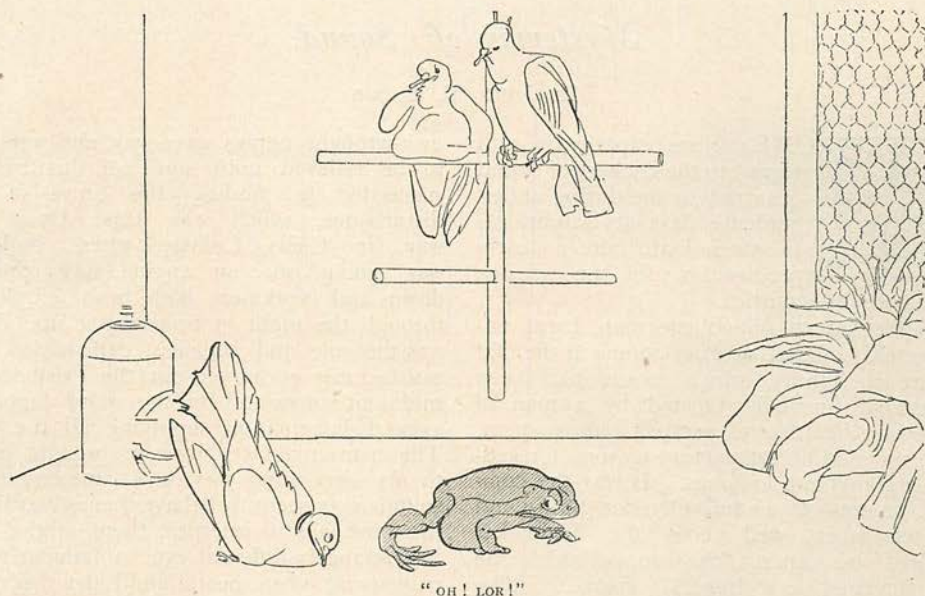


"coo-oo-oo!"

were as ardent lovers as turtle-doves usually are, and all day long they billed and cooed, greatly to the jealous disgust of the solitary spinster. Till enter the big toad, very quietly,

its perch immediately, bowing and rising and bending and cooing, to the extreme astonishment of the unenthusiastic toad.

"Coo!" went the dove; "coo! coo-oo-oo!"

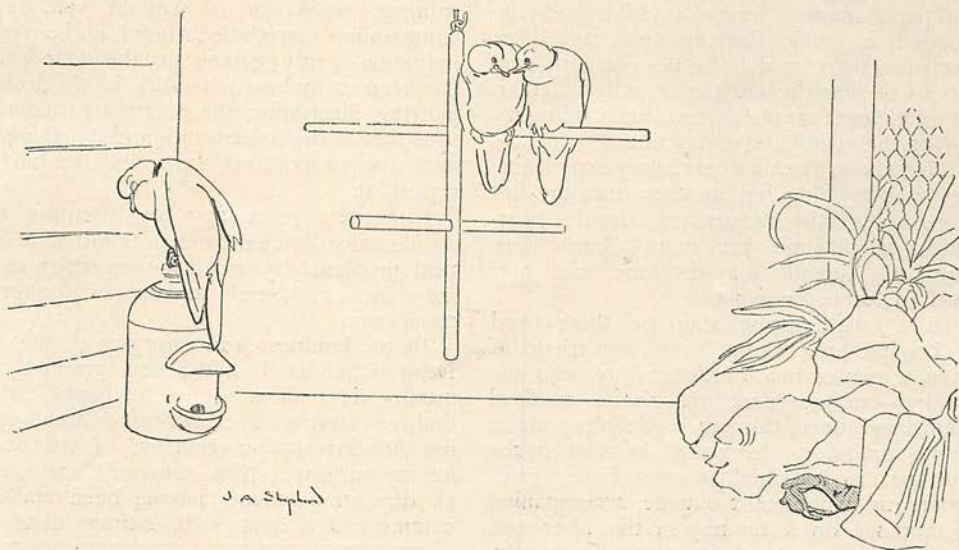


"OH! LOR!"

And she rose to her best height, ducked alluringly, flopped and nestled, as is the manner of doves in their love-making. But the prosaic toad was not in the least in love; in the phrase of the street, he "wasn't taking any." "Coo-oo!" pleaded the dove once more, desperately, curtsying again, and then bobbing and rising like clockwork. "Coo-oo-oo!" But the toad had never seen love-making of this sort before, and didn't understand it at all. It struck him that

on the whole the wisest proceeding would be to get out of it while he was safe. So he got.

He sneaked off sheepishly to a corner of the aviary where a few plants and pieces of rock offered shelter, and there he remained till accommodation was found for him elsewhere, and no blandishments of the disconsolate dove could bring him out. Till at last the dove gave up the attempt, and resigned itself to single blessedness.



J. A. Stephens

"SLIGHTED! DESERTED!"

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V.



HIS rabbit lived at a house in Lonsdale Road, Barnes, and for four years was a celebrated character in the neighbourhood. He was an orphan, and the only survivor of a numerous family, so that, being

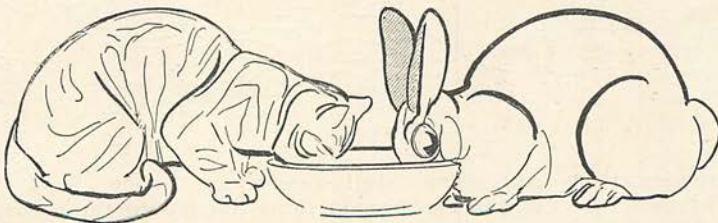
hutch, the door of which was left constantly open for his convenience, or he could scarcely have turned round in it. With his size, he developed un-rabbitlike tastes and accomplishments; chiefly he struck up an intimate friendship with the cat—also a big animal



GREAT CHUMS.

brought up by hand, he grew very tame as well as enormously big. As to his size, indeed, he altogether "grew out of" his

or its kind. They played together, "sat out" many long hours side by side, and ate from the same plate with all possible amiability.

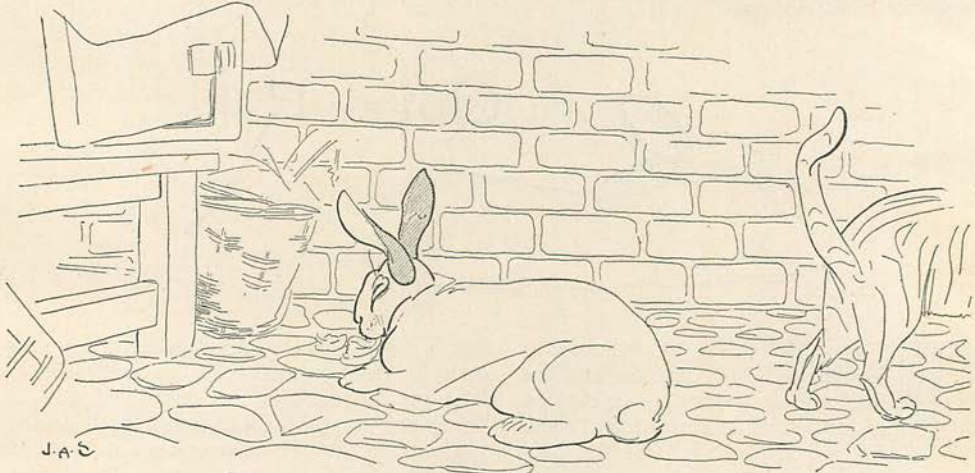


AMIABILITY.

Also, the rabbit acquired a great taste for wandering beyond the limits of its owner's premises, together with a wonderful ability in jumping. Perhaps the cat taught him both. At any rate, he thought nothing of

from behind, and he instantly jumped clean through the railings to the ground beneath—alighting quite safely, without the smallest injury.

Whenever the garden gate was left open

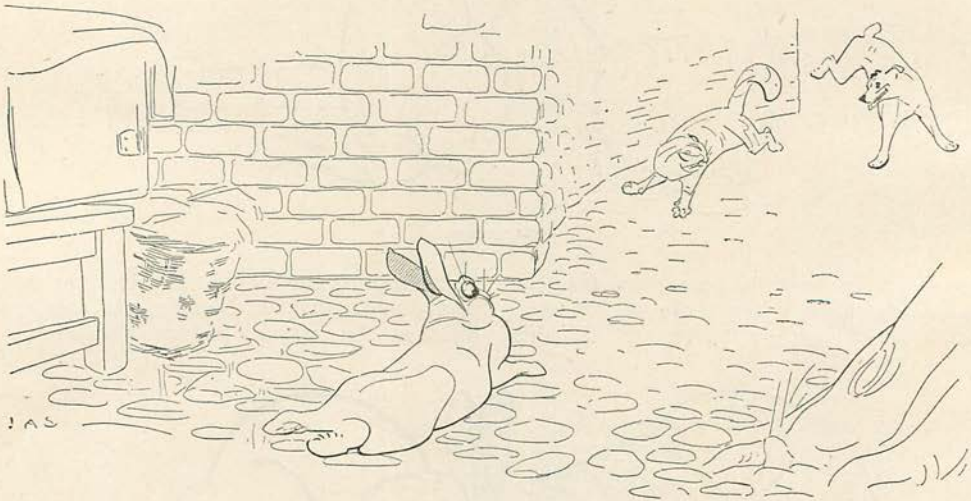


J.A.S.

THE PARTING.

scaling the garden wall—5ft. or so high—and exploring the adjoining gardens; and on one occasion his owner, Mr. Vincent Hughes, witnessed a jump that surprised him, accustomed as he was to his pet's feats. Bunny (who thought nothing of coming into

he would go off for a stroll down the road and about the adjacent streets. These excursions frequently entailed complications with vagrant dogs, and it was a very common sight to see him tearing along homeward with two or three dogs hard in chase. The

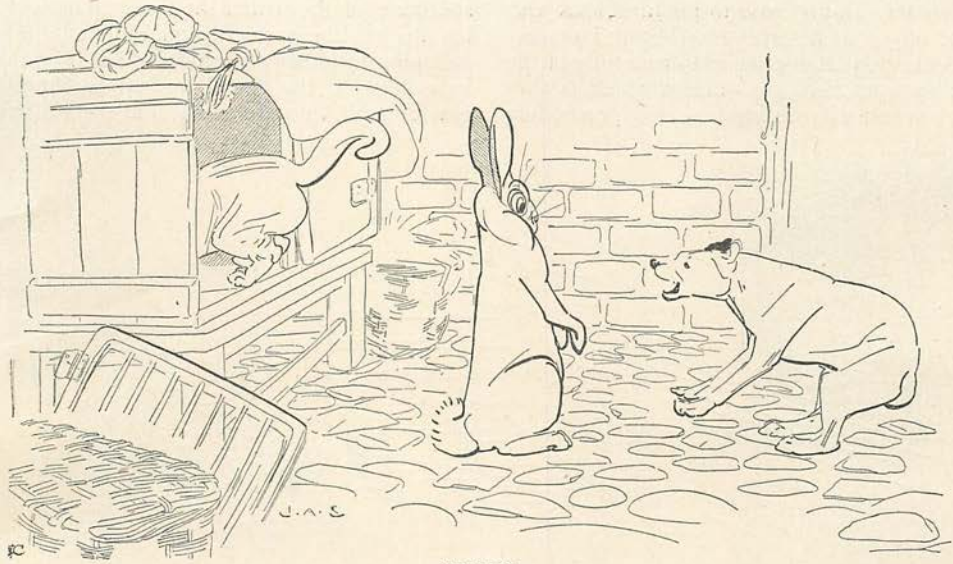


J.A.S.

"WHAT'S THIS?"

the house and wandering up and down the stairs, if so disposed) was sitting in the balcony, seventeen feet or more from the ground. Something suddenly startled him

dogs were always "done," however, for he would swing round into the garden gate at top speed, and, as often as not, bolt into the house, leaving the astonished dogs, unable so

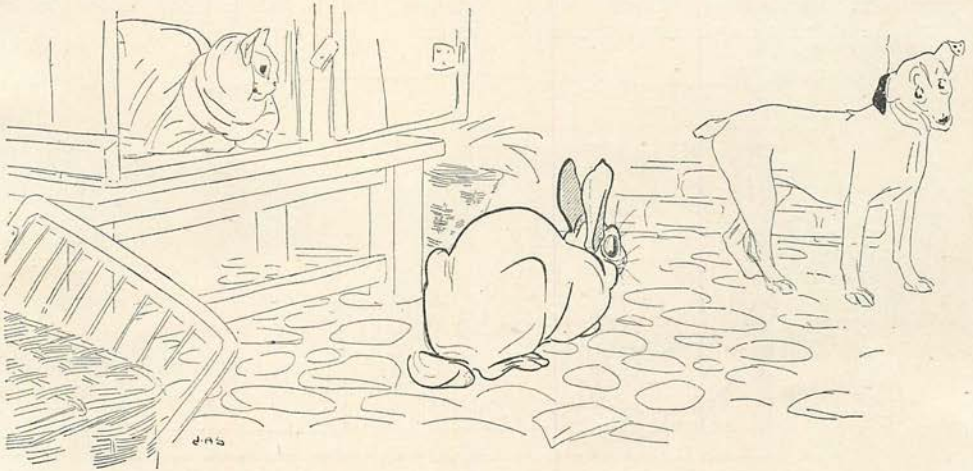


DEFIANCE.

quickly to check their career, to dash past, and when they turned back, to find no rabbit visible anywhere.

Once, however, he turned the tables on a dog completely. The dog lived next door, and it was a mongrel fox-terrier rejoicing in the sufficiently appropriate name of "Cats." Now, much of the daily exercise of this dog was obtained in chase of the unfortunate cat who was Bunny's most intimate crony, till

cabbage-leaf, strolled off in search of adventures of her own. Very soon she found one, though one with an annoying lack of novelty; for "Cats," the next-door terrier, spied her, and in an instant was scampering at her tail. Pussy headed for the rabbit-hutch, and the rabbit saw her coming. Anger and indignation rose in his breast, and though he might bolt from a dog on his own account, in the sacred cause of friendship he would



DOUBT.

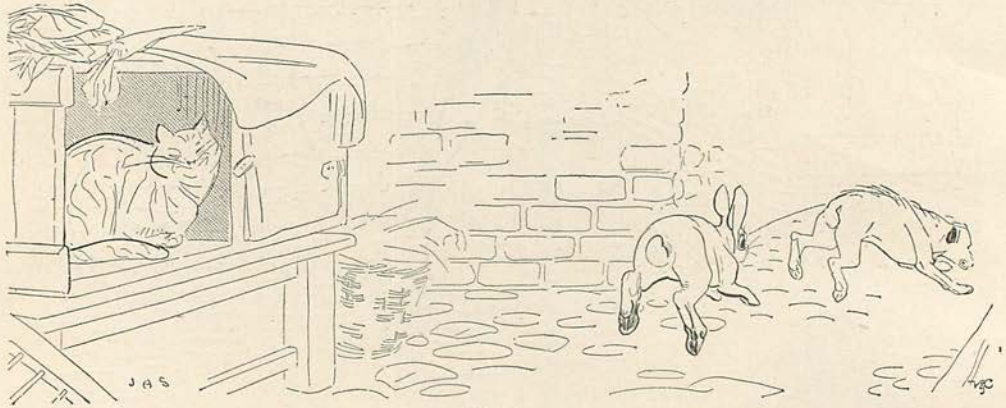
at last Bunny rose in defence of his chum, with most brilliant success.

The usual morning chat over, Bunny turned to a slight lunch of cabbage-leaf, and the cat, feeling little personal interest in

brave anything. The cat flew past, and instantly the rabbit sprang to his feet and confronted the savage pursuer. The dog pulled up. Nothing like this had ever occurred before in the whole course of his cat-chasing

experience. Bunny rose to his hind legs, with fierce anger in his eye, and began a display of that curious stamping and drumming of the hind legs practised by a rabbit which is very infuriate indeed. It was the only proceeding

spectacle of the truculent terrier bolting for his life and the suddenly-emboldened rabbit galloping furiously after him. What he would have done to the dog if he had caught him is a difficult thing to guess, but as a matter



FLIGHT.

he could think of in the circumstances. The dog was altogether non-plussed—even dismayed. What terrible attack that extraordinary stamping might presage he couldn't for the life of him imagine. He got back a step or so, and thought. Then it occurred to him (as it did to the suddenly beloved toad in our last anecdote) that perhaps, on the whole, the best thing would be to clear out. So he dropped his tail between his legs and left the rabbit victorious. As soon as he perceived this, Bunny bounced out in chase, and at once there was witnessed the novel

of fact the dog got clear away and avoided the rabbit's vicinity in future, while the triumphant rabbit returned to receive the congratulations of his chum, the cat.

For four years Bunny remained with Mr. Hughes, providing amusement to all beholders. So famous, indeed, did he become that during that time more than one unsuccessful attempt was made to kidnap him—possibly by some enterprising showman. And at last he *was* kidnapped in good earnest, and Lonsdale Road knew him no more.



PEACE.

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VI.

The Faithful Cochin



HIS is a story of chivalry on the part of an old rooster, repaid by the lifelong affection of an old Cochin hen.

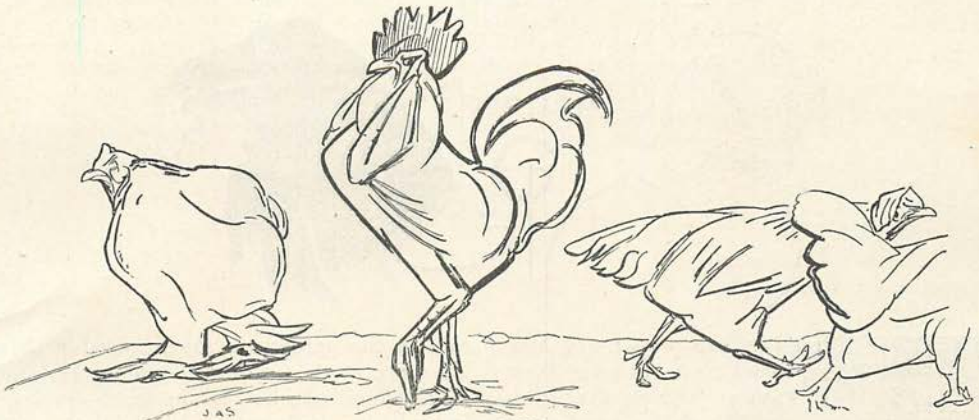
These birds, with a number of other hens and one young cockerel, were the property of Mr. Shepherd, the artist. The old Cochin hen was called "Granny," and for long was chief of all the hens in Mr. Shepherd's stable-yard; till at last she met with an accident. The master was setting out for a ride, and, as usual, all the fowls in the yard crowded about his mare's feet as he mounted. But this time the mare made an unlucky step, and brought her hoof down on poor old Granny's foot. After that she was always lame.

Now, it is a melancholy fact, but a fact nevertheless, that in the animal world the weak and the helpless receive little mercy from their fellows. No sooner was the old hen rendered incapable of defending herself than her life became a misery

in consequence of the abominable treatment of all the other hens. From first place among them, she at once fell to last, and was the butt and pecking-block of the whole crowd. The other hens would surround the poor old thing and peck her unmercifully, drive her from her food, and generally make her miserable, the loutish young cockerel looking on and rather enjoying the fun, till the old cock came by. He, however, would instantly stalk in to the rescue, driving the persecutors away in a clucking mob. So things went for long, the old cock being Granny's one constant friend and protector; till at last the cock himself fell ill. Then it was Granny's turn. She kept by him through it all, tending him and bringing him food, while the other hens disregarded the king of the yard altogether, and looked after themselves. And at last, when the old cock was found lying dead, there was poor old Granny,

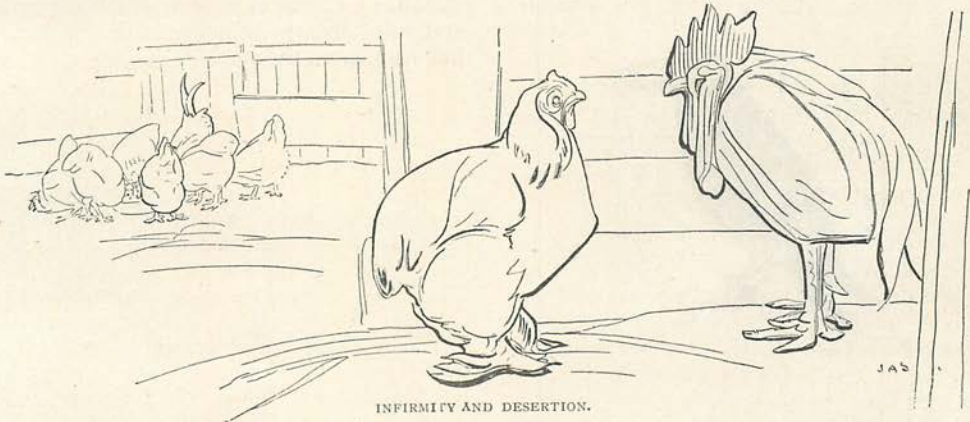


PERSECUTION.



PROTECTION.

nestling close down by his side, forlorn and young cockerel, now chief of the yard, grief-stricken, but faithful to the end, and lorded it in mighty style, the other hens



INFIRMITY AND DESERTION.

refusing to leave the corpse, notwithstanding following him admiringly, altogether forgetful all inducements. Meanwhile, the loutish of the dead master.

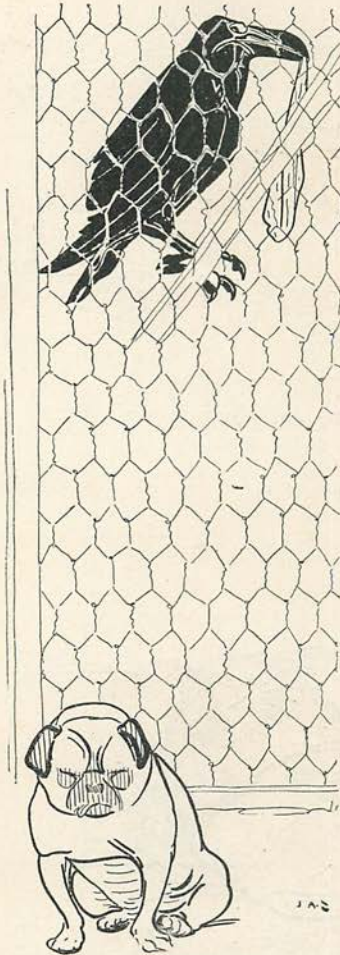


FIDELITY AND DISSOLUTION.

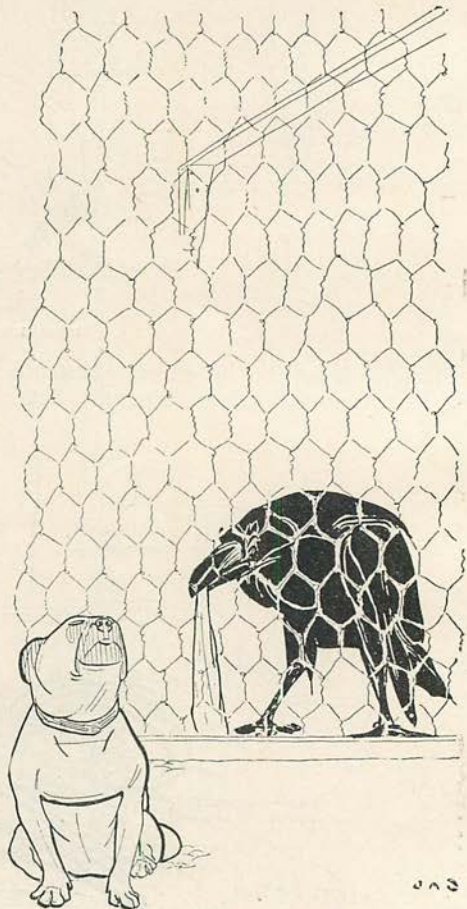


HIS pug was the property of Mrs. Rowe, living at the time at West Hill, Putney. "Suto" was his name, and he was the greediest of all pugs, and one of the most conceited. The sight of any living thing eating (except himself) was agony insupportable for Suto. A large raven was kept in a

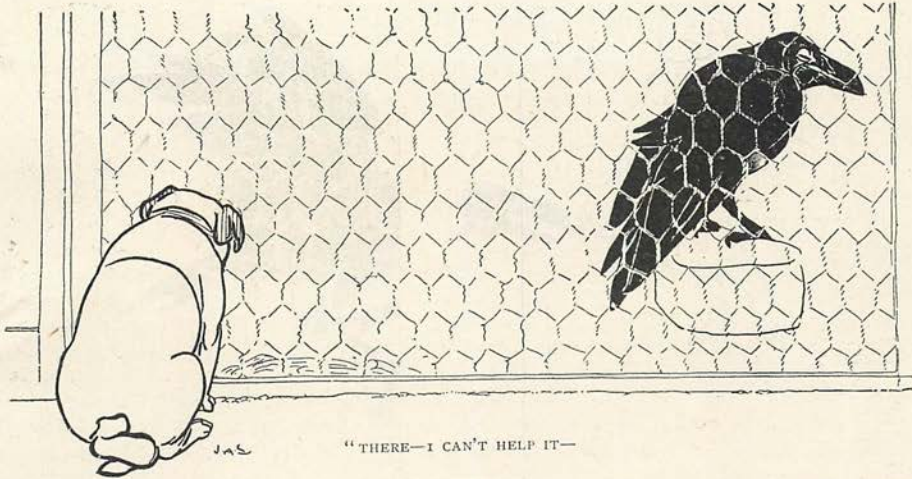
cage in the garden—a raven gifted with all his share of the sardonic cunning and love of mischief peculiar to his kind—perhaps, indeed, he had rather more than other ravens. The greedy pug became the daily butt of his malicious humour. Indeed, it seemed that the raven needed some sort of mischievous excitement to stimulate his appetite, and was always disinclined to eat till it had tormented the pug.



"I WON'T SEE IT."



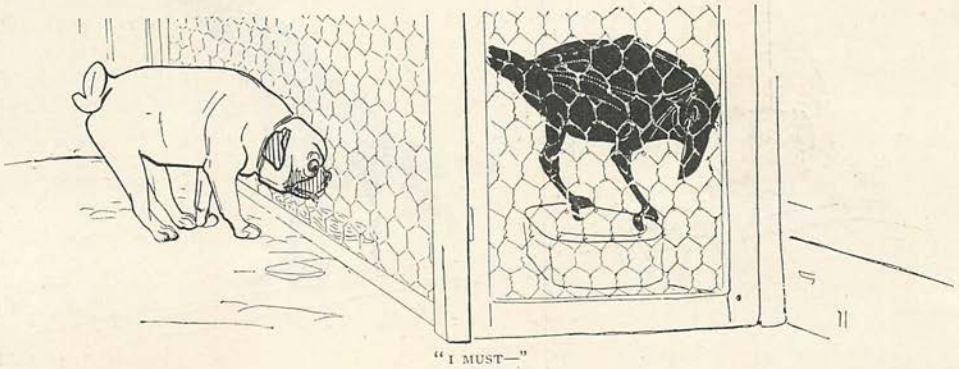
"OH! BUT THE SMELL!"



"THERE—I CAN'T HELP IT—"

Daily, at three o'clock, the raven was given a lump of steak, and Suto would always be hovering about at the time—he hovered near everything eatable. The raven knew his shameful greediness, and made fine sport of

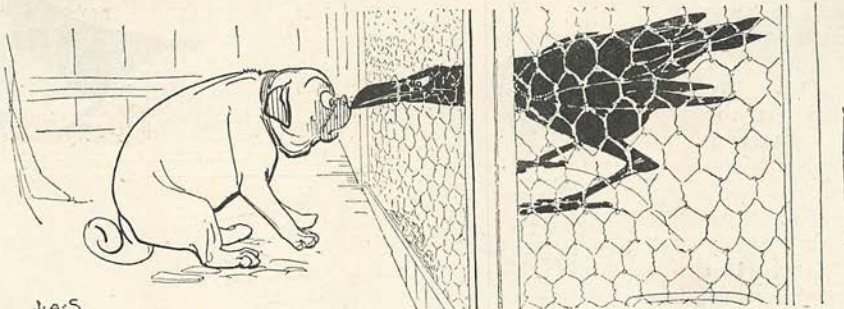
plunged at the wires in a mad attempt to snatch the meat. Of course, the thing was hopeless—his blunt nose could never penetrate the wire-netting. *But the raven's beak could!* Instantly the bird would swoop on



"I MUST—"

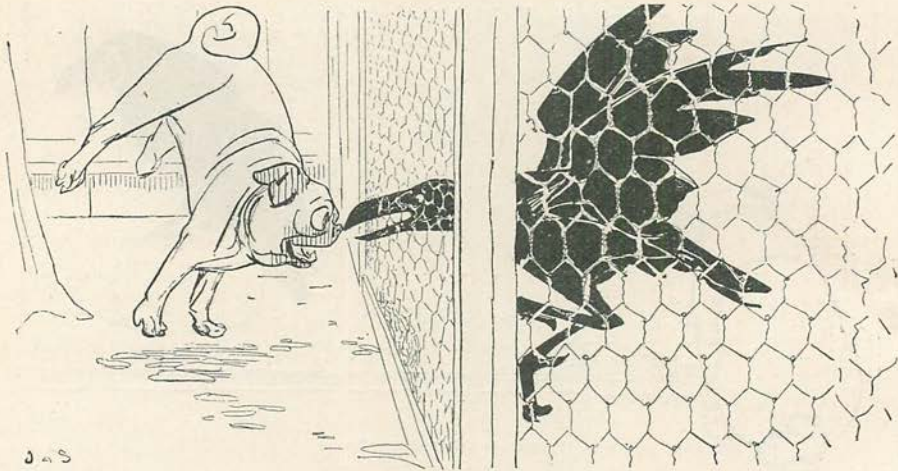
it. At first Suto, though in torments of gluttony, would feign indifference. The raven would put the steak close against the wires, and Suto's agony would get past bearing. Then the raven retired with a chuckle. At this all Suto's self-control was gone, and he

him, and drive in *one* on that greedy pug's nose. With that, Suto would hurl himself furiously at the raven—hopelessly ever, for he could never touch the tormentor. The tormentor, in fact, danced and jumped in an ecstasy of delight, driving in dig



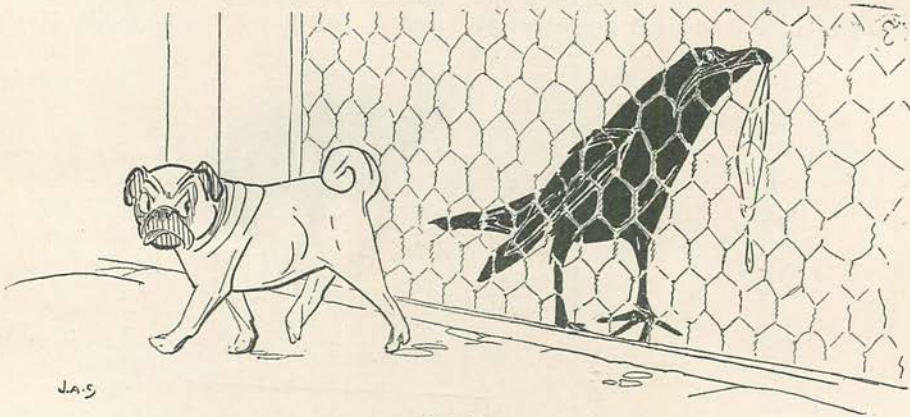
J.A.S

BANG!



IMPOTENT FURY.

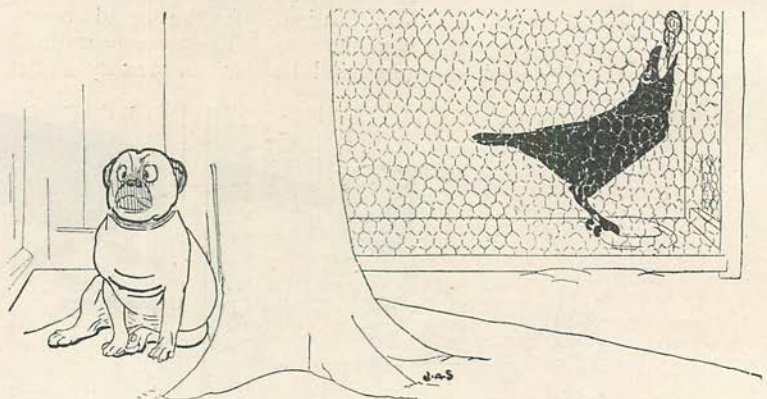
after dig at the dog's unhappy countenance, and getting well home at every happen every time; but his master-passion of gluttony was too strong for him—



RETREAT.

dig; till at last poor Suto retired, pecked and beaten. Then the raven, happy he could *not* keep his nose away from that meat.

and content, his appetite well whetted, swallowed his steak at one gulp, while Suto hid behind a tree or anything else opaque, that he might not have the pain of witnessing the operation. Day after day the performance was repeated in every detail, and the dog must have known what would



"OH, WHAT AGONY! BUT I WON'T SEE IT!"